

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. I. NO. 43.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., APRIL 22, 1910.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



Kitchen Cabinet

We can deliver one in your house for \$1.00 down and \$1.00 per week.

George N. Kidder and Co.

WOOD, GATES & CO.

Are offering some
LADIES' ALL WOOL SUITS

LINED With

PAU de CYGNE SILK
For \$12.90

. . . . They're worth seeing
Yours,

WOOD, GATES & Co., ORANGE, MASS.



Our Men's Furnishings Are Different

from the lines you'll find in ordinary haberdashers. You'll always find the quality a little better and the price more satisfactory. And you can get the latest novelties, you won't find in other shops.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

are the most popular suspenders in the world, because they're the most comfortable and durable. Their distinctive feature is the sliding action of the cord at the back, which permits perfect freedom of motion without the slightest strain on the shoulders or buttons.

NECKWEAR

We are proud of our assortment of men's fashionable neckwear. Nowhere can you find a greater variety of stylish shades and designs, suitable for all occasions—for business, dress and evening wear. And you will find our prices equally satisfactory.

HATS

Come to us for your new hat, and we guarantee to suit both your taste and your pocket-book. We have all the new, stylish shapes and shades—and our hats not only look well, but wear well.

SHOES

In all the correct models for the season, are ready for you at our store. Our shoes are famous throughout this section for their stylish appearance and long wear, and numbers of our customers get all their footwear here. We can fit you perfectly from our complete range of sizes.

A. W. PROCTOR

Kitchen Cabinet

We can deliver one in your house for \$1.00 down and \$1.00 per week.

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Yours,

WOOD, GATES & Co., ORANGE, MASS.

Are you thinking
of planting a garden? If so
Go to
**ROBBINS AND
EVANS**

and buy your seeds.

We have RICE'S, HAWKIN'S
LAKE SHORE and FERRY'S
SEEDS in packages, RICE'S Seeds in bulk.

Try WHITE MOUNTAIN
GRASS SEEDS. They are a little
higher in price but they are the cheap-
est when Quality is considered. Vi-
tality 95 per cent; purity 99½ per
cent.

If the grass on your lawn is thin
sow some of our lawn grass seed, a
mixture of fine grasses specially pre-
pared for lawns.

Robbins and Evans
East Northfield.

Just Received

A large line of those famous
MILO CORSETS at \$1.00, \$1.50
and \$2.00 in four styles.

Let CANDO silver polish at
25cts. per bottle clean and pol-
ish your silver ware this spring

For furniture use a bottle of
CEDARINE; only 25cts. a bot-
tle.

After May 1 EVANGELINE
is going up. Be sure to get a
bbl. before she begins to rise.

C. E. Williams

Agent for

Chase and Sanborn's

Teas and Coffee

Windham Creamery BUTTER

AUCTION

The Earl Chapin
Farm, - so called-
will be sold at Pub-
lic Auction, on the
premises, on North-
field Mountain,
Saturday, Apr. 30
10 A. M.

This property will be sold
subject to the right of occu-
pancy of house by Mrs. Cha-
pin during her lifetime. Al-
so right to cut sufficient fire-
wood for her use.

Selectmen of Northfield
J. T. CUMMINGS, Auctioneer.

MILLINERY

You will find an up-to-date stock of
MILLINERY every Monday and Tues-
day at PERHAM'S INN from Mrs. G.
H. Smith's Brattleboro Store. Miss
Emma Barrett will be in charge.

Your patronage is solicited.

MILLINERY

NORTHFIELD

Geo. Mattoon of Worcester is visiting
his sisters on Parker Street.

Harold Randall has finished work as
clerk for C. C. Stearns.

Miss Constance Peck left on Wednes-
day to visit her sister in Wellesley.

Mrs. Leland Gale of Orange has been
visiting her sister Mrs. Frank Williams.

Miss Clara Powers is visiting her sis-
ter, Mrs. D. L. Proctor.

Mrs. C. C. Stearns, whose illness we
mentioned last week, is improving.

Mrs. T. A. Clark has gone to West-
moreland, N. H., for a few days.

The Rev. A. L. Snell Pittsburg, Pa.,
has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C.
S. Warner.

Capt. S. P. Coe, of Middleport, Ohio,
is here for the summer with his son, W.
W. Coe.

Miss Fanny Stockbridge and Miss
Marion Howard have returned to their
schools at Woodville, Me., and Putney,
Vt.

Cecil Cummings came home from Mil-
lers Falls Tuesday for a brief visit with
his parents and friends.

The youngest child of Mr. and Mrs.
F. B. Caldwell is quite sick with whoop-
ing cough.

Miss Bessie Irish returned Tuesday
from a visit in Boston, Medford and
Gardner.

T. R. Callender was called away to
Cambridge Tuesday on account of the
illness of his father.

By an oversight last week we failed to
make note of Miss Blanche Carpenter's
birthday party at which about 20 boys
and girls had a delightful time.

Chas. H. Webster has planted a sturdy
maple in front of the Webster block to
take the place of the old elm that had to
be cut down.

Elliott W. Brown has done a "land
office business" the past week, having
sold the farm of Mrs. Jos. Pierce to Rev.
and Mrs. David Howie of Cleveland, O.,
the old Putnam farm owned by Arthur
Field to A. G. Moody, and the Frank
Harness place to Rev. L. S. Chafer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sherwin came
from New York last week with the body
of their baby who died in February. They
stayed with their mother, and aunt Mrs.
Mead.

Miss Lizzie O'Dea, who has been visit-
ing her sister at the Highland House has
returned to her home in Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. Chas. Sousie of Athol has been
visiting her sister, Mrs. Arthur Mason,
and took home her baby on leaving.

Miss Hazel Moore of New York, has
been visiting her sister Mrs. Arthur
Mason.

The special town meeting held last
Monday authorized the sale of the Chap-
in farm, and voted \$20,000 for the high
school.

By the breaking of a pole staap as
they were being driven down Main St.,
Tuesday morning, the pair of horses be-
longing to Alton Miner ran away strik-
ing a tree, one of them was instantly
killed.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Parker, the par-
ents of Mrs. A. M. Solandt, were among
the sufferers by the recent fire in Hyde
Park, Vt. Twenty families lost their
homes.

Mrs. Julia Merriman will give an ad-
dress of welcome at the W. C. T. U.
meeting at Greenfield on the 29th. Mrs.
N. Fay Smith and Mrs. Ella Lazelle are
also on the program.

The Boys' Brigade Course lecture on
"Panama," by F. E. Farnsworth, has
had to be cancelled because the govern-
ment has ordered Mr. Farnsworth back
to his duties on the canal. The manage-
ment has been fortunate enough how-
ever to secure Brigadier General Philip
Reade of the U. S. Army (retired) to
lecture on Friday next, Apr. 29, in the
Town Hall.

General Reade has seen over 40 years
of service, and took a prominent part
in the pacification of the Philippines.
His lecture and pictures will be both ed-
ucational and interesting, replete with
thrilling narratives and personal experi-
ences.

Brigadier General Philip Reade will
present Boys' Brigade silver service
medals to Will Broderick, Raymond
Culver, Alfred Holton, Richard Holton,
Ernest Howard, Harold McGrath, Mark
McLean, Carl Holton, James Shea and
Joseph Waite on Friday evening, April
29, in the Town Hall. The general is an
old Boys' Brigade member.

The Sons of Veterans and Auxiliary
gave a surprise party to Mr. and Mrs.
Fred Jackson last Friday, on the 20th
anniversary of their wedding. Twenty one
were on hand. They presented the pair
with a handsome oak rocker. Refresh-
ments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Chamberlain of
Greenfield were in town over Sunday
visiting H. H. Chamberlain and Mrs.
Jackson of West Northfield.

Rev. Arthur J. Brown D. D., and
Mrs. Brown of New York are here look-
ing after improvements on their prop-
erty on Main St.

An unusual epidemic of grippe has
struck the family of Albert Irish, five
of whom are on the sick list.

Notwithstanding the rain there was
a goodly attendance at the Fortnightly
meeting of Monday afternoon. Mrs.
Frances Moody reported for the literary
committee with a brief outline of the
contemplated work of next year. By
unanimous vote France will be the sub-
ject of further study next year and pro-
fitable work is outlined. The matter
of formulating a constitution and by-
laws was left in the hands of the exe-
cutive committee, as was also the ques-
tion of membership limitations.

The annual Musical of the Fortnight-
ly which was scheduled for May 2nd will
occur on the evening of May 3rd in the
new Music Hall at the Seminary. Ad-
mission to the Musical will be by tick-
ets distributed by the members.

The topic for the afternoon was Ver-
sailles, by Mrs. Catherine Richardson,
assisted by Mrs. Frances Moody, Miss
Jennie Haight and Miss Sarah Minot.
Miss Haight read a vivid description of
Versailles as it was in its glory. Miss
Minot read a description of LeGrand
Trianon. Mrs. Richardson presented the
man whose love of magnificence and
power made the castle of Versailles
possible and also the ministers and ar-
tists, whose labors united to make it
perfections. Miss Haight rendered a
beautiful selection on the piano. Mrs.
Moody explained the many pictures of
the castle and gardens, read a vivid de-
scription of some of the noted fetes
which took place at Versailles. This
closed the last meeting of the season.

Joseph B. Callender

Joseph B. Callender, father of T. R.
Callender, passed away on Wednesday
night last at the ripe age of 84 years.
He was born August 25, 1825, the son
of Jos. Callender of Boston, and came
to Northfield in 1861. In 1850 he mar-
ried Elizabeth, daughter of Erastus
Field. He is survived by his widow
and four children, William of New York
Thomas R. of Northfield, Benj. D. of
Franconia, N. H., and Mrs. Jos. Norton
of Cambridge. The funeral was held
at the home of his daughter today and
the body will be brought to Northfield
tomorrow for burial.

Mrs. Emily Dean

Mrs. Emily Dean, widow of George
Dean of Roxbury, Mass., formerly of
Northfield, died at Roxbury on Mon-
day the 18th in her 77th year. Mrs. Dean
had many warm friends in this place who
will regret to hear of her death. For
several summers, including last summer,
she made her home here at Perham's
Inn. She leaves a daughter, Lillian,
and a son George. Her husband died
about two years ago.

Village Improvement Society.

The Village Improvement Society,
reorganized and incorporated in March,
1909, held its first annual meeting in the
Town Hall last Monday evening. Al-
though the attendance was not as large
as it would have been if the weather had
been more favorable, there was a
sufficient number present to stir up a lot
of enthusiasm. Mr. E. F. Howard
presided and also made a report of work
done during the past year. This con-
sisted mainly in looking after the
sprinkling of the streets. Mr. Howard
stated that he was unable to continue
in the office of president and after some
discussion as to the needs and opportu-
nities of the society, a vote was taken
which resulted in the election of the
following officers:—President, Dr. N. P.
Wood; vice-president, A. P. Fitt; treas-
urer, C. H. Webster; secretary, F. W.
Doane. E. F. Howard and Elliott W.
Brown were then elected to act with
these as members of the executive com-
mittee. A. G. Moody was elected
auditor. A committee on membership
consisting of W. W. Coe, Mrs. L. R.
Smith and A. W. Proctor was appointed.
Plans were discussed whereby the
evident needs of Northfield along lines
within the scope of the society might
be met. President Wood was instructed
to secure one or two speakers to address
a public meeting to be called as soon as
possible. It is hoped that this meeting
may be announced in a few days.

The care of the trees, the disfigure-
ment of the streets by rubbish, posters,
signs, etc., the attractiveness of flower
beds were some of the subjects that
then occupied the meeting. It was
evident that the society recognized the
necessity of action and if the spirit that
prevailed at the meeting becomes con-
tagious Northfield, already endowed
with exceptional beauty by lavish gifts
of nature, will become even more beau-
tiful under the direction and by the
personal exertions of the Village Im-
provement Society. An invitation is here
extended to all our citizens to unite
themselves to the society by sending
their names or telephoning to any
member of the committee on member-
ship.

The committee have contracted the
building of the Alexander memorial hall
and high school building to E. M. Hum-
phreyville of Westfield for \$18,433.
This does not include plumbing, heating
or furnishing. Work will begin at once.

PLAY BALL

On Tuesday afternoon a lively game
of base ball was played between the
Northfield boys and the combined forces
of Millers Falls and Northfield Farms,
resulting in a victory for the latter by a
score of 9 to 8. It was an ideal after-
noon for a game and many spectators
assembled on the field to witness the
contest. Prof. Howard, principal of the
high school, acted as umpire. It was
largely through his efforts that the team
was organized. We confidently expect
that many good games will be played
on the new grounds during the summer.
The nine as now organized consists of
the following players:

Harold McGrath, Captain, Carl Holton
Sec. and Treas., Principal L. R. Howard,
Manager. Come and see the boys play.

Through The Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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& Co.

Dr. Joubert's examination established at once the direct cause of death. The man, a well built young fellow of perhaps twenty-eight, had been shot in the right eye, a ball having penetrated the brain, killing him instantly. The face showed marks of flame and powder, proving that the weapon—undoubtedly a pistol—had been discharged from a very short distance.

"Doctor," asked the commissary, glancing at the open window, "if this man shot himself, could he, in your opinion, with his last strength have thrown the pistol out there?"

"Certainly not," answered Joubert. "A man who received a wound like this would be dead before he could wink. Besides, a search has been made underneath that window, and no pistol has been found."

"It must be murder," muttered Pougeot. "See what he has on his person."

These instructions were carefully carried out, and it straightway became clear that robbery, at any rate, had no part in the crime. In the dead man's pockets was found a considerable sum of money, a bundle of five pound notes of the Bank of England, besides a handful of French gold. On his fingers were several valuable rings, in his scarf was a large ruby set with diamonds, and attached to his waistcoat was a massive gold medal that at once established his identity. He was Enrico Martinez, a Spaniard widely known as a professional billiard player and also the hero of the terrible charity bazaar fire, where at the risk of his life he has saved several women from the flames. For this bravery the city of Paris had awarded him a gold medal and people had praised him until his head was half turned.

"Aha!" muttered the commissary. "There may be a husband mixed up in this. Call that waiter again, and—er—we will continue the examination outside."

With this they removed to the adjoining private room, No. 5, leaving a policeman at the door of No. 6 until proper disposal of the body should be made.

In the further questioning of Joseph the commissary brought out several important facts. The waiter testified that after serving soup to Martinez and the lady he had not left the corridor outside the door of No. 6 until the moment when he entered the room and discovered the crime. During this interval of perhaps a quarter of an hour he had moved down the corridor a short distance, but not farther than the door of No. 4. He was sure of this, because one of the doors to the banquet room was just opposite the door of No. 4, and he had stood there listening to a Fourth of July speaker who was discussing the relations between France and America.

"How did you stand as you listened to the speaker? Show me," M. Pougeot led Joseph to the banquet room door.

"Like this," answered the waiter, and he placed himself so that his back was turned to No. 6.

"So you would not have seen any one who might have come out of No. 6 at that time or gone into No. 6?"

"I suppose not."

"And if the door of No. 6 had opened while your back was turned would you have heard it?"

Joseph shook his head. "No, sir; there was a lot of applauding—like that." He paused as a roar of laughter came from across the hall.

The commissary turned quickly to one of his men. "See that they make less noise. And be careful no one leaves the banquet room on any excuse. I'll be there presently." Then to the waiter, "Did you hear any sound from No. 6—anything like a shot?"

"No, sir."

"H'm! It must have been the thunder. Now, tell me this—could any one have passed you in the corridor while you stood at the banquet room door without your knowing it?"

Joseph's round, red face spread into a grin. "The corridor is narrow, sir, and I"—he looked down complacently at his ample form—"I pretty well fill it up, don't I, sir?"

"You certainly do. Give me a sheet of paper." And with a few rapid pencil strokes the commissary drew a rough plan of the banquet room, the corridor and the seven private dining rooms. He marked carefully the two doors leading from the banquet room into the corridor, the one where Joseph listened, opposite No. 4 and the one opposite No. 6.

"Here you are, blocking the corridor at No. 4." He made a mark on the plan at that point. "By the way, are there any other exits from the banquet

room except these two doors?"

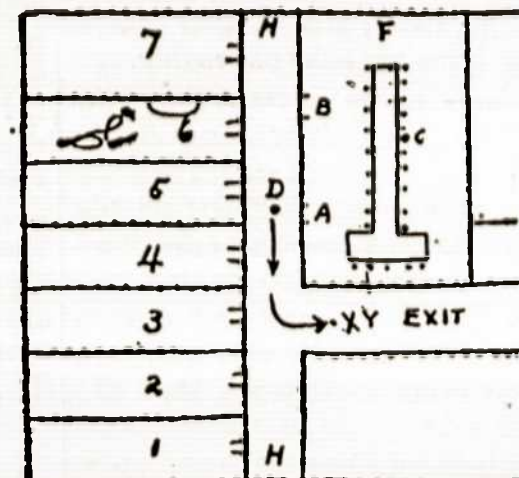
"No, sir."

"Good! Now, pay attention. While you were listening at this door—I'll mark it A—with your back turned to No. 6, a person might have left the banquet room by the farther door—I'll mark it B—and stepped across the corridor into No. 6 without your seeing him. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, sir; it's possible."

"Or a person might have gone into No. 6 from either No. 5 or No. 7 without your seeing him?"

"Excuse me. There was no one in



WEST WING OF ANSONIA HOTEL—FIRST FLOOR.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, private dining rooms opening on corridor H H.

No. 6, private dining room where body was found.

F, large dining room occupied at time of tragedy by Americans gathered at Fourth of July banquet.

C, seat at banquet occupied by Kittredge and left vacant by him.

A, B, two doors opening into corridor from banquet room.

D, point in corridor where the waiter Joseph stood with back turned to No. 6 while he looked through door A during Fourth of July speeches.

X Y, arrows show direction taken by man and woman who passed Joseph in corridor going out.

No. 5 during that fifteen minutes, and the party who had engaged No. 7 did not come."

"Ah! Then if any stranger went into No. 6 during that fifteen minutes he must have come from the banquet room?"

"Yes, sir."

"By this door, B?"

"That's the only way he could have come without my seeing him."

"And if he went out from No. 6 afterward, I mean if he left the hotel, he must have passed you in the corridor?"

"Exactly!" Joseph's face was brightening.

"Now, did any one pass you in the corridor, any one except the lady?"

"Yes, sir," answered the waiter eagerly; "a young man passed me. I supposed he came from the banquet room."

"Did any one else pass you either going out or coming in?"

"No, sir."

Joseph heaved a sigh of relief and was just passing out when the commissary cried out, with a startled expression: "A thousand thanks! Wait! That woman—what did she wear?"

The waiter turned eagerly. "Why, a beautiful evening gown, sir, cut low, with a lot of lace and—"

"No, no; I mean what did she wear outside? Her wraps—weren't they in No. 6?"

"No, sir; they were downstairs in the cloakroom."

"In the cloakroom!" He bounded to his feet. "Bon sang de bon Dieu! Quick! Fool! Don't you understand?"

This outburst stirred Joseph to unexampled efforts. He fairly hurled his massive body down the stairs and a few moments later returned panting, but happy, with news that the lady in No. 6 had left a cloak and leather bag in the cloakroom. These articles were still there.

"Ah, that is something!" murmured the commissary, and he hurried down to see the things for himself.

The cloak was of yellow silk, embroidered in white, a costly garment from a fashionable maker, but there was nothing to indicate the wearer. The bag was a luxurious trifle in Brazilian lizard skin, with solid gold mountings, but again there was no clue to the owner.

"Don't move these things," directed M. Pougeot. "It's possible some one will call for them, and if any one should call—why, that's Gibelin's affair. Now, we'll see these Americans."

It was a quarter past 10, and the hilarity of the proceedings at the Fourth of July banquet (no ladies present) had reached its height. A very French looking student from Bridgeport, Conn., had just started an uproarious rendering of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," with Latin quarter variations, when there came a sudden hush and a turning of heads toward the half open door, through which a voice was heard in peremptory command.

A moment later there entered a florid faced man with authoritative mien, closely followed by two policemen.

"Gentlemen," began M. Pougeot, while the company listened in startled silence, "I am sorry to interrupt this pleasant gathering. While you have been feasting and singing an act of violence has taken place within the sound of your voices. I am here as an officer of the law, because I have reason to believe that a guest at this banquet is connected with a crime committed in this restaurant within the

last hour or two." Then, after the first dismay, came indignant protests. This man had a nerve to break in on a gathering of American citizens with a fairy tale like that! "Silence!" rang out the commissary's voice sharply.

CHAPTER IV.

"IN THE NAME OF THE LAW."

"W" HO sat there?" He pointed to a vacant seat at the long center table.

Heads came together in excited whispers.

"Bring me a plan of the tables," he continued, and when this was spread before him, "I will read off the names marked here, and each of you will please answer."

In tense silence he called the names, and to each one came a quick "Here!" until he said "Kittredge!"

There was no answer.

"All here but M. Kittredge!" cried the official. "He was here, and—he went out. I must know why he went out; I must know when he went out—exactly when; I must know how he acted before he left, what he said. In short, I must know all you can tell me about him." Then began a wearisome questioning of witnesses, not very fruitful, either, for these Americans developed a surprising ignorance touching their fellow countryman and all that concerned him. As to Kittredge's life and personality, the result was scarcely more satisfactory. He had appeared in Paris about a year before. Just why was not known, and had passed as a good fellow, perhaps a little wild and hot headed.

A few minutes later the unexpected happened. One of the policemen burst in to say that some one had called for the lady's cloak and bag.

"Well?" snapped the commissary.

"I was going to arrest him, sir," replied the other eagerly, "but—"

"Will you never learn your business?" stormed Pougeot. "Does Gibelin know this?"

"Yes, sir; we just told him."

"Send Joseph here—quick." And to the waiter when he appeared: "Tell the woman in the cloakroom to let this young man have the things. Don't let him see that you are suspicious, but take a good look at him."

"Yes, sir. And then?"

"And then nothing. Leave him to Gibelin."

A moment later Joseph returned to say that he had absolutely recognized the young man downstairs as the one who had passed him in the corridor. Francois, the head waiter, was positive he was the missing banquet guest. In other words, they were facing this remarkable situation—that the cloak and leather bag left by the mysterious woman of No. 6 had now been called for by the very man against whom suspicion was rapidly growing—Lloyd Kittredge himself.

When Kittredge, with cloak and bag, stepped into his waiting cab and for the second time on this villainous night started down the Champs Elysees he was under no illusion as to his personal safety. He knew that he would be followed and presently arrested. He knew this without even glancing behind him. He had understood the whispers and searching looks in the hotel.

The driver grumbled and cracked his whip, and a moment later, peering back through the front window, he saw his eccentric fare absorbed in examining a white leather bag. He could see him distinctly by the yellow light of his two side lanterns. The young man had opened one of the inner pockets of the bag, drawing out a flap of leather under which a name was stamped quite visibly in gilt letters. Presently he took out a pocketknife and tried to scrape off the name, but the letters were deeply marked and could not be removed so easily. After a moment's hesitation the young man carefully drew his blade across the base of the flap, severing it from the bag, which he then threw back on the seat, holding the flap in apparent perplexity.

As they neared the end of the Rue de Valenciennes the American opened the door and told the man to turn and drive back. He wanted to have a look at Notre Dame, three full miles away.

On the way to Notre Dame, Kittredge changed their direction half a dozen times, acting on accountable impulses, going by zigzags through narrow dark streets instead of by the straight and natural way, so that it was after midnight when they entered the Rue du Cloître Notre Dame, which runs just beside the cathedral, and drew up at a house indicated by the American. Another cab observed by Kittredge drew up behind them.

"Tell your friend back there," remarked Kittredge to his driver as he got out, "that I have important business here. There'll be plenty of time for him to get a drink." He disappeared in the house, leaving the cloak and bag in the cab.

And now two important things happened, one of them unexpected. The expected thing was that M. Gibelin came forward immediately from the second cab, followed by Papa Tignol and a policeman. The shadowing detective was in a vile humor, which was not improved when he got the message left by the flippant American. Gibelin turned to Kittredge's driver.

"Here's your fare. You can go. I'm

from headquarters. I have a warrant for this man's arrest."

Meantime Kittredge had climbed the four flights of stairs leading to the sacristan's modest apartment. And in order to explain how he happened to be making so untimely a visit it is necessary to go back several hours to a previous visit here that the young American had already made on this momentous evening.

After leaving the Ansonia banquet at about 9 o'clock in the singular manner noted by the big doorkeeper Kittredge, in accordance with his promise to Alice, had driven directly to the Rue du Cloître Notre Dame, and at twenty minutes past 9 by the clock in the Tavern of the Three Wise Men he had drawn up at the house where the Bonnetons lived. Five minutes later the young man was seated in the sacristan's little salon assuring Alice that he didn't mind the rain, that the banquet was a bore anyhow and that he hoped she was now going to prove herself a sensible and reasonable little girl. Alice welcomed her lover eagerly. Alice had never seemed so adorable. Then came a sudden and ominous entrance of Mother Bonneton. She eyed the visitor with frank unfriendliness and proceeded to tell him that his attentions to Alice must cease and that his visits here would henceforth be unwelcome.

In vain the poor girl protested against this breach of hospitality. Mother Bonneton held her ground grimly, declaring that she had a duty to perform and would perform it.

"What duty?" asked the American.

"A duty to M. Groener."

At this name Alice started apprehensively. Kittredge knew that she had a cousin named Groener, a woodcarver, who lived in Belgium and who came to Paris occasionally to see her and to get orders for his work.

"The last time M. Groener was here—that's about a month ago," the woman said—"he asked me and my husband to make inquiries about you and see what we could find out. And we found out things—well, just a few!"

"What things?"

"We have found out, my pretty sir, that you lived for months last year by gambling. I suppose you will deny it?"

"No," answered Kittredge in a low tone; "it's true."

"Ah! We found also that the money you made by gambling you spent with a brazen creature who—"

"Stop!" interrupted the American, and, turning to the girl, he said: "Alice, I didn't mean to go into these details. I didn't see the need of it, but—"

"I don't want to know the details," she interrupted. "I know you, Lloyd. That is enough."

She looked him in the eye trustingly, and he blinked a little.

"Plucky!" he murmured. "They're trying to queer me, and maybe they will, but I'm not going to lie about it. Listen. I came to Paris a year ago on account of a certain person. I thought I loved her, and I made a fool of myself. I gave up a good position in New York, and after I had been here awhile I went broke. So I gambled. It's pretty bad. I don't defend myself, only there's one thing I want you to know. This person was not a low woman. She was a lady."

"Huh!" grunted Mother Bonneton. "A lady! The kind of a lady who dines alone with gay young gentlemen in private rooms! Aha, we have the facts!"

The young man's eyes kindled. "No matter where she dined, I say she was a lady, and the proof of it is I—I wanted her to get a divorce and—marry me."

"Oh!" winced Alice.

"You see what he is," triumphed the sacristan's wife—"running after a married woman."

But Kittredge went on doggedly: "You've got to hear the rest now. One day something happened that—that made me realize what an idiot I had been. So at last I decided to break away, and I did. It wasn't exactly a path of roses for me those weeks, but I stuck to it, because—because I had some one to help me"—he paused and looked tenderly at Alice—"and—well, I cut the whole thing out, gambling and all. That was six months ago."

"And the lady?" sneered Mother Bonneton. "Do you mean to tell us you haven't had anything to do with her for six months?"

"I haven't even seen her," he declared, "for more than six months."

"A likely story! Besides, what we know is enough. I shall write M. Groener tonight and tell him the facts. Meantime"—She rose and pointed to the door.

"Well," said he, facing Alice with a discouraged gesture, "I—I'd like to know why you turned me down this afternoon."

He was actually moving toward the door when the bell in the hall tinkled sharply. Mother Bonneton answered the call and returned a moment later, followed by the doorkeeper from below, a cheery little woman, who bustled in, carrying a note.

"It's for the gentleman," she explained, "from a lady waiting in a carriage. It's very important." With this she delivered a note to Kittredge and added in an exultant whisper to the sacristan's wife that the lady had

given her a franc for her trouble.

"What kind of a lady?" chuckled Mother Bonneton.

"Oh, very swell," replied the doorkeeper mysteriously—"grand toilet, bare shoulders and no hat. I should think she'd take cold."

"Poor thing!" jeered the other.

Kittredge stood as if in a daze, staring at the note. He read it, then read it again. Then he crumpled it in his hand, muttering, "O God!" And his face was white.

"Goodbye!" he said to Alice in extreme agitation. "I don't know what you think of this. I can't stop to explain. I—I must go at once!" And, taking up his hat and cane, he started away.

She went to him swiftly and laid a hand on his arm. "Lloyd, you must come back. You must come back tonight. It's the last thing I'll ever ask you. You need never see me again, but—you must come back tonight."

She stood transformed as she spoke, not pleading, but commanding and beautiful beyond words.

"It may be very late," he stammered.

"I'll wait until you come," she said simply, "no matter what time, I'll wait. But you'll surely come, Lloyd?"

He hesitated a moment and then before the power of her eyes, "I'll surely come," he promised. And a moment later he was gone.

Then the hours passed, and still Alice waited for her lover, silencing Mother Bonneton's grumblings with a look that this hard old woman had once or twice seen in the girl's face and had learned to respect. At half past 12 a carriage sounded in the quiet street, then a quick step on the stairs. Kittredge had kept his word, and there was something in the American's face, something half reckless, half appealing, that startled her.

"Well, I'm here," said Kittredge, with a queer little smile. "I couldn't come any sooner, and I can't stay."

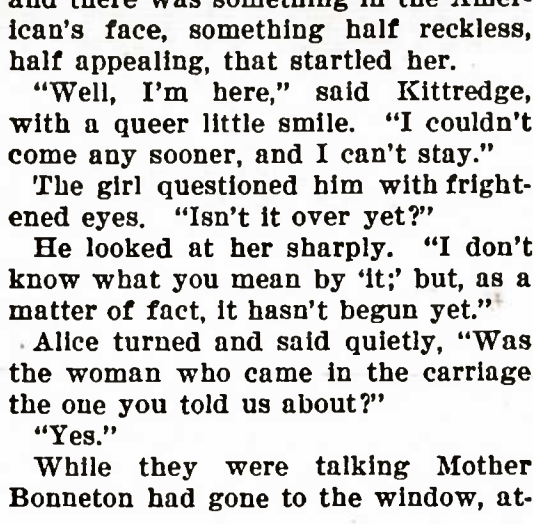
The girl questioned him with frightened eyes. "Isn't it over yet?"

He looked at her sharply. "I don't know what you mean by 'it'; but, as a matter of fact, it hasn't begun yet."

Alice turned and said quietly, "Was the woman who came in the carriage the one you told us about?"

"Yes."

While they were talking Mother Bonneton had gone to the window, at-



"HE'S CHARGED WITH MURDER."

tracted by sounds from below, and as she peered down her face showed surprise and then intense excitement.

"Kind saints!" she muttered, "The courtyard is full of policemen."

An impatient hand sounded at the door, while a harsh voice called out those terrifying words, "Open in the name of the law!"

With a mingling of alarm and satisfaction Mother Bonneton obeyed the summons, and a moment later as she unlatched the door a fat man with a bristling red mustache and keen eyes pushed forward into the room where the lovers were waiting. Two burly policemen followed him.

"Ah!" exclaimed Gibelin, with a gesture of relief as his eye fell on Kittredge. Then, producing a paper, he said: "I am from headquarters. I am looking for"—He studied the writing in perplexity. "You are M. Lo-eeed Keetredge?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have a warrant for your arrest."

But Alice staggered forward. "Why do you arrest him?"

The man from headquarters answered, shrugging his shoulders: "I don't know what he's done. He's charged with murder."

Continued next week

This splendid story began in the PRESS April 8. New subscribers may secure back numbers so that they may have the story complete.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Currants In a Birthday Cake

Marianna Peyton's mother, Mrs. Aurelia Peyton, had been a schoolteacher, so that even after she was married and had sons and daughters she still had the habit of improving the occasion when there was a chance for the young people to learn something.

Such an occasion came on the tenth birthday of her youngest child, Mari-



THE CURRANT CAKE LECTURE.

anna. Mrs. Peyton made a party that was just beautiful. The children had dancing and music and games and guessing plays. A big currant cake upon the table in the dining room looked so delicious that all eyes were drawn toward it. Just before cutting the cake Mrs. Peyton stood up at the table behind the cake and rapped for attention. Then she gave a little lecture. She said: "Now, look here, young people. Where do the currants come from which are inside this cake?"

"From Zante," triumphantly answered Bobby Gray.

"Maybe they do and maybe they don't," replied Mrs. Peyton. "Anyway, you are right about one thing. They get their name from the island of Zante. Let me see. Where is Zante?"

"Off the west coast of Greece, in the Ionian sea," answered several clear, sweet young voices at once.

"Right," said Mrs. Peyton. "But the currants grow all over southern Greece and through the Ionian islands, and the Greek farmers in that part of the kingdom get a considerable part of their living from raising this fruit, which is in reality a small, seedless grape, growing upon a vine like other grapes."

"After the grapes are picked they are spread on platforms in the sun to dry. This requires several weeks. The wind blows the dust all over the platforms, so that by the time the tiny raisins are dry they are well coated with earth and sand. This explains why you get so much grit in your teeth when you eat a currant pudding made by a careless cook who has not thoroughly washed her Zante currants. I don't think you will find any sand or grit in this currant cake, for I made it myself."

"The Zante currant was selected for drying and preserving because it is so sweet, two-thirds of it being pure grape sugar. It is full of nourishment,



DRYING THE GRAPES.

making rich red blood. That is why I made the currant cake for you for Marianna's birthday, because it is so wholesome and nourishing after your active play."

Cross Purposes.

One player goes around among the circle and whispers in each one's ear the answer he is to make to the next player who comes after him asking questions. For instance, Charles goes around to Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4.

To No. 1 he whispers, "Hot, sweet and strong."

To No. 2, "With pepper and vinegar."

To No. 3, "With my best love."

To No. 4, "No, indeed."

And to the whole circle an answer of some kind.

Jane comes after Charles to ask any question her own will may dictate.

She asks No. 1, "What kind of a week have you passed?"

No. 1, "Hot, sweet and strong."

To No. 2, "Shall you ever marry?"

No. 2, "With pepper and vinegar."

To No. 3, "How will you keep house on these?"

No. 3, "With my best love."

To No. 4, "Where are you going to spend the summer?"

No. 4, "No, indeed!"

The Land of Puzzledom.

No. 894.—Antonyms.

Behead the opposite of write and leave the opposite of unfitted.

Behead the opposite of to not desire and leave the opposite of to speak calmly.

Behead the opposite of having no opinion and leave the opposite of to thrive.

Behead the opposite of to not direct and leave the opposite of dry weather.

Behead the opposite of to hold aloft and leave the opposite of to speak mildly.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous novelist and poet.

No. 895.—Beheadings.

Behead an elevation of ground and leave sick.

Behead hearty and leave a beverage.

Behead a receptacle and leave an animal.

Behead a flower and leave a writing fluid.

Behead a cloak and leave a climbing animal.

Behead a bucket and leave to be sick.

Behead a ribbon worn around the waist and leave burned coal.

Behead a blackbird and leave to propel with oars.

Behead the name of a month and leave a curved open structure.

No. 896.—Hidden Parts of a Book.

Ma always says "No," but pa generally consents.

The oysters found in the cove rarely tasted bad.

I saw an icicle afar off, but it melted before I reached it.

I thought Betty perhaps a trifle more sincere than her sister.

The telegram read, "Beat it, Lester, if you can."

No. 897.—Charade.

A creature of time is my first, And time itself is my second.

By which the days of one's life May always be safely reckoned.

My second may nourish my first; My first may issue my whole;

Animate and inanimate life I am, and I seek to control.

No. 898.—Code Rebus.



Each picture stands for a word. There are as many letters in that word as there are numbers below the picture. When all are deciphered and arranged in numerical order they will spell a sentence.

No. 899.—Hidden Proverb.

To have enough, the wise men say, Is a lot to make men glad.

To be as wise for sure as they Would be right good. Perhaps they had

Learned how much that is, as I may In a future brighter day

When feast, not famine, comes my way.

No. 900.—Dropped Letter Puzzle.

Supply vowels in the following quotations and divide into words—No. 1

is a memorable dispatch sent Sept. 10, 1813; No. 2 is a favorite maxim by

George Washington:

I. "W'h*?m*tth*?n'my*ndth*y*r*?r*?"

II. "L'h*?r*k*?p*?l*?n*y*?r*?b*?r*?t*?t*?l*?t*?"

"s*p*r*k*?f*c*?l*?s*t*?i*f*c*?i*?l*?d*c*?n*s*c*?"

nc*?"—Youth's Companion.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 894.—Charades: 1. Dry, salt, cri-

—drysalter. 2. Sin, till, late—scintillate. 3. Mat, err, link—Maeterlinck. No. 897.—Square Word:

S L A B S

L A P E L

A P P L E

B E L L E

S L E E P

No. 888.—Triple Crossword Enigma: Sheridan, Tennyson, Whittier.

No. 889.—Anagram Acrostics: Washington. Words: Wisconsin, Alabama,

South Carolina, Hudson, Indiana, Nevada, Georgia, Texas, Ohio, Nebraska.

No. 890.—Pictured Words: Gorge U S, gorgeous.

No. 891.—Easy Beheadings: V-a-l-e-s, A-wait, C-lock, A-ware, T-rain, I-deal,

O-pine, N-ever; Vacation.

No. 892.—Riddle: Mirror.

No. 893.—Anagrams: 1. Pictures. 2. Illustration. 3. Altogether. 4. Slaughter.

5. Aspirants. 6. Repentance. 7. Hostages. 8. Persistent.

Rough on Cannon.

Speaker Cannon met the Rev. Henry N. Couden, chaplain of the house of

representatives, in a corridor one day.

"You are an old hypocrite!" he said roughly.

"Why, why, Mr. Speaker!" protested Dr. Couden in great surprise.

"Well, if you are not, I am," said the speaker.

"and I have just been hearing about it."

Then, while he linked his arm in that of the chaplain, he told the story:

"The other day in the house gallery a lady approached a doorkeeper who was protecting the morning prayer

from interruption. She attempted to push past, but was restrained. 'But I must go in,' she said. 'I want to see that man Cannon.'

"Just wait a moment," said the doorkeeper.

"But I must see him. I have heard so much about him," persisted the woman.

"To save trouble the man let her in. On the threshold she

stopped a moment and saw Chaplain Couden with his head bowed in prayer.

"Oh, the old hypocrite," she ejaculated, 'and him praying, too!'"—St. Louis Republic.

What Shall I Do to Be Just?

What shall I do to be just?

What shall I do for the gain Of the world, for its sadness?

Teach me, O seers that I trust! Chart me the difficult main

Leading out of my sorrow and madness; Preach me the purging of pain.

Shall I wrench from my finger the ring To cast to the tramp at my door?

Shall I tear off each luminous thing To drop in the palm of the poor?

What shall I do to be just? Teach me, O ye in the light,

Whom the poor and the rich alike trust. My heart is aflame to be right.

—Hamlin Garland.

Natural Selection.

"She calls her husband a gander."

"Because he married a goose?"

A Pious Wish.

The parish church in a well known Scotch village being in sad need of repair and the money required for such

not being in hand, a meeting of the parishioners was held to see if the necessary funds could be raised by

subscription.

The local laird, noted for his wealth and also for his meanness, was asked to officiate as chairman. Addressing

the villagers, he reminded them of the object of their gathering together and by way of example subscribed a guinea

toward the cost of repair. When on the point of sitting down a lump

of plaster falling from the ceiling struck him a clout on the head. Looking

upward, he exclaimed:

"Yes, friends, I see the church does need repairing badly. I'll raise my

subscription to 2 guineas."

Upon hearing this an old lady in the audience exclaimed:

"O Lord, give him another clout!"



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The regular retail price of these tires is \$3.50 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for \$4.80 (cash with order \$4.55).

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Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D," also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

fit any "talking machine" and make it sound almost as good as the Columbia Graphophone.

The Columbia Phonograph Company owns the original patents covering the making of modern records. They use materials that no other maker can secure. They employ processes that they absolutely control. They operate the largest factory in its line in the world. If organization counts for anything, if system means anything, if constant invention and experiment are worth considering, Columbia Records ought to be beyond comparison—and they are! Finest tone, longest life, widest choice. Come in and listen.

FOR SALE BY NORTHFIELD PRESS

SO DISTRESSING.

A TERRIBLE trouble the wealthy are having Just giving their money away. It looks for the world like a matter quite simple.

As easy as kissing or play. From Monday Till Sunday

They scheme and they worry. But still at the end of the week They find that their barrel is fastened securely.

Nor showing so much as a leak. To those not possessing the thing looks so lovely

And one that were easily done— Just ring up the stable and call for a shovel

And scoop the stuff out by the ton. To measure The treasure

In half bushel baskets Seems truly as simple as sin. But those who are burdened with more than a million

Don't seem to know where to begin. The trouble with them, if their talk is in earnest,

Is that on themselves they depend. If they would be friendly and call in assistance

Their problem would come to an end. A dollar Would holler

For help from the clutches Of those who would give it away, And volunteers given a free rein and unhindered

Would clean the thing up in a day.

The blue lake of Maerjelen, situated on the flanks of the Grand Glacier Aletsch, at a height of 17,700 feet, under the Eggishorn peak, has burst through the glacier and emptied its waters into the Massa stream.

A well which has been driven to a depth of fifty-four feet at Westhampton, N. Y., is yielding water of a temperature of 82 degrees, and continual pumping does not lower the temperature. The well was driven near an ice plant.

Cement makers' Itch, one of the latest diseases due to occupation, is an intense itching, resembling true Itch, but instead of being caused by a parasite it results from some chemical or mechanical action on the skin not yet understood.

A Monarch of Many Beds.

One of the Emperor Menelik's weaknesses is the matter of beds. In his sleeping palace there are a number of rooms, and each possesses a different bedstead, either of wood or iron, built high or low. It is the emperor's practice to sleep in one or the other, just as the fancy takes him. Since his last serious illness he has considerably changed his mode of living. He was accustomed to take violent exercise, but he has renounced this for a sedentary life.

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

W. W. Coe A. P. Fitt

NORTHFIELD - MASSACHUSETTS

Entered as second class matter.

One Dollar a year in advance. Foreign, \$1.50. Single copies, 5 cents.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1910

Bird Enemies

We referred in a previous issue to a photo taken at Mr. Anson Howard's instance showing the feathers of a ruffed grouse and the trail of a fox in the snow. Mr. Howard also got Mr. Levering to photograph some crows in the act of stealing. These remarkable photographs were reproduced in the March issue of "The Amateur Sportsman." One shows a crow carrying off an egg. In another a crow has just killed a chicken, and in the third a crow is bolting the head of a chicken which he has just torn from its body.

The worst enemies of birds, however, are not foxes, crows or hawks, but rather the domestic cat and the English sparrow. A hawk may kill and eat two birds a day, or 730 a year, while a cat may succeed in killing not more than (say) 50 birds a year; but there are a hundred or more cats to every hawk, so that the total loss due to cats far exceeds that due to hawks.

Bird-killing cats ought to be killed the same as sheep killing dogs, unless they are broken of the habit. If a dead bird is tied to a cat's neck and left there as long as it will hold together, it will probably cure the cat. It would mitigate the cat nuisance in a town like Northfield if people kept only one cat, kept it well fed, and kept it in confinement from May to September when young birds are at their mercy.

The less birds, the more bugs. Birds are not only an ornament to the town, but in many ways good friends to the farmer.

Poor Head Farmers

A man can grow forests both deep and wide,

Luxurious birches and pines;
He can grow oak trees with the greatest of ease,

And acres of shrubs and vines.
He can grow choice fruits on the top-most boughs,

On which the nations are fed;
But he can't grow thatch on the little bald patch

On the top of his well-tilled head.

Ah, man can raise acres of waving grain,

Tall, supple and fair to behold;
He can meet the dawn with his fields of corn,

Green-stalked and as yellow as gold;
He can raise the roof, or the price of beef,

He can all but raise the dead;
But he can't raise a thatch to cover the patch.

On the top of his old bald head.

—Boston Herald.

CURE FOR MENINGITIS.

Dr. Flexner's Serum Produces Excellent Results.

The first cure for cerebro-spinal meningitis by means of intra-ventricular injections of the Flexner serum was made recently at a meeting of physicians and surgeons at the New York Academy of Medicine. That this disease, which proves fatal invariably in the cases of children under two years, has been mastered through the research of Dr. Simon Flexner, head of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, was admitted scarcely without opposition by the physicians after careful consideration of the data presented by Dr. Louis Fischer of the Sydenham hospital, who successfully employed the serum.

The process employed by Dr. Fischer was to inject a quantity of the Flexner fluid into the right ventricle of the brain, the intercranial cavity being aspirated and as much fluid as possible being drained off. The cavity was then washed with a normal salt solution and the serum again injected. Lumbar injections also were made, the result being a rapid improvement in the condition of the infantile patient. The infant, which in this case was two months old, was cured after seven weeks' treatment, and its condition now is that of a normal child enjoying the best of health.

"The treatment marks a distinct epoch in the history of medicine," said Dr. Fischer. "It has convinced me that the Flexner serum will minimize the danger of death in infants under two years of age, whereas before its introduction by Dr. Flexner the percentage of deaths was 100. That the serum will prove a boon to children attacked by cerebro-spinal meningitis seems to me a certainty."

Graduation Week at Mt. Hermon.

The first event of graduation week was the alumni prize debate held Friday evening at 7.30 p. m. in the chapel. The question was, "Resolved, That a compulsory franchise law should be enacted in the United States." The affirmative was defended by Messrs. DuBois, Salter and Dick; the negative by Messrs. Barnbrock, D. S. Morrison and Malany. The judges were Rev. Elliott W. Brown, Messrs. A. P. Fitt, F. G. Robinson, G. L. Wagar and L. L. Drury. The decision was awarded to negative and the first prize of ten dollars to H. Barnbrock of the negative. The second prize of five dollars was given to D. W. Salter of the affirmative. Fifteen dollars were divided among the members of the winning team.

Saturday no classes were held, so the last game of the baseball series was played between Cottages and Overtown, which resulted in victory for Cottages by a score of 12 to 8.

In the afternoon before the class day exercises, the annual Senior-Faculty game was played. The game was the best attended of any of the games of this season, there being about 350 present. The band enlivened the occasion with popular airs. The faculty was beaten by a score of 12 to 5, although the umpire did everything in his power to assist the faculty team. Prof. Patterson, who pitched for the faculty, played an excellent game. Mr. Cutler, who had not been seen on the diamond for two years, again took his accustomed place on third base. R. L. Quomblen pitched for seniors.

At 3.30 the class day exercises were held in the chapel. The room was tastefully decorated with greenery and a large 1910 purple and white banner was suspended over the platform. Purple and white flowers were used around the platform. The programs were finished off in purple and white, with the class pin and motto, "Ich dien," embossed on the cover. Following is the program: Salutatory, C. W. Norton; class history, J. P. Hoyt; class oration, B. Bowman; class prophecy, R. R. Curtis; prophecy on prophet, J. R. Marshall; spade oration, J. D. McVean; class song by the class; class poem, S. A. Merrifield; scientific essay, R. C. Dovemus; presentation of class gift, C. C. Ayres; reading of the will, R. L. Quomblen; valedictory, Leon A. Housmar. The class gift, which was unveiled after the presentation speech, was a life-size cast of "The Wrestlers," to be placed in the trophy room of the new gymnasium. The gift was chosen because of its appropriateness and because last year's class gave a similar piece of statuary with which this one will go very well. The class poem this year took the somewhat unusual form of a sonnet, and is probably the shortest class poem ever presented here. It is, however, considered an excellent sonnet. The poem follows:

BUILDING,

S. A. Merrifield.

All present work is ever a foundation

Whereon the superstructure of our life
Shall rise and double in each day's creation—

The present, with future's meaning rife.

Our duty to tomorrow has in making

A basis firm, both deeply laid and strong,

So that the structure we are undertaking
Shall stand unshaken and unmoved for long.

So let us build a little every day,

A little—but that little so well wrought

With workmanship complete, that come what may,

Our building shall remain and perish not.

Thus let us work—so that whatever we build,

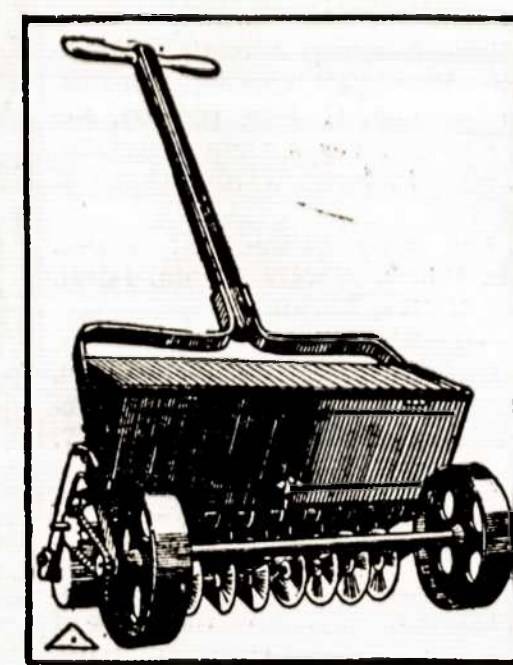
The walls shall stand well based—our thought fulfilled.

Saturday evening the annual Joseph Allen prize declamations were held in the chapel. The speakers and their subjects were as follows: On Affairs in America, William Pitt, George Mair; Daniel O'Connell, Wendell Phillips; Andrew Johnson Helms; Regulus to the Carthaginians, Elijah Kellogg; William Claude Besselièvre; Natural Supernaturalism, Carlyle, Tallman Bookhout; The Man with the Muck-rake, Roosevelt; Lewis Irving Harrison; Subjugation of the Philippines, Hoar, Dwight William Salter. There was no doubt in the minds of the listeners as to who had won first prize when the speaking was over, but there was variance of opinion regarding second place. William C. Besselièvre was awarded the first prize of twenty dollars. His delivery and enunciation could scarcely have been better, while his subject was an excellent one for declamation. George Mair received second, although his position as first speaker was the most disadvantageous one. He spoke with great earnestness and convincingness. The judges of the evening were Messrs. H. H. Proctor, W. W. Coe F. G. Robinson and E. W. Brown.

FOR SEEDING LAWNS.

Machine Cuts the Sod, Drops Seed and Covers It Up.

The machine herewith shown, not unlike a lawn mower in general shape and embodying the principle of the disk drills used in sowing wheat and oats, is designed for planting grass



NEW TYPE OF GRASS SEEDER.

seed. It is the first machine of its kind for this purpose and puts the seed in the ground, where it is safe from the wind and rain that often wash away seed sown broadcast.

The machine sows eight rows at a time on a strip sixteen inches wide, and by its use an area of seventy square feet can be gone over in an hour. The cutting action of the disks loosens the soil, relieves the sod of its root bound condition and cultivates. A heavy roller behind the row of disks firmly presses the soil down after the seed has been lodged.—Popular Mechanics.

A Quinine Anaesthetic.

The gift of Dr. Henry Thibault of Scott, Ark., to science is the discovery that common quinine is a superior anaesthetic to any other in medical knowledge. This conclusion has been corroborated by the faculty of the medical college of the University of Kansas. The effect of quinine when injected locally lasts for days, so that if the tonsils are removed or bones are cut from the nose there are no after pains for many days. Cocaine loses its power shortly after an operation. Quinine is absolutely safe, as quarts of it may be used without poisonous effect. Cocaine has a toxic effect save in small doses. Quinine hardens the tissues into which it is introduced, preventing hemorrhages after operations. Cocaine does not do this. Absolute vindication of these claims has just been announced by Dr. Arthur B. Hertzler, assistant professor of surgery in the University of Kansas Medical college at Rosedale; Dr. Ford B. Rogers of the college dispensary and Dr. Roger B. Brewster, a special investigator. The results made public by these doctors are the fruits of six months' experiments in the college hospital and in the hospital at Halted, Kan.

New Work For the Blind.

A novel method has been introduced by the Liverpool School For the Indigent Blind to enable some female pupils to become self supporting. Qualified experts have been engaged to teach certain blind inmates the massage treatment of patients. This furnishes a new means for these unfortunate to provide their own livelihood. Records have been kept of those who have left the institution qualified to practice as massage nurses, and the reports are most encouraging. This work is already a familiar employment of blind women in many places in eastern countries. Another somewhat unusual trade in which some of the blind are being instructed and from which good practical results have been obtained is piano tuning.

Germs Not Easily Frozen.

Death dealing germs flourish in the coldest of cold weather. They live even in the intense cold of liquid air. Infectious disease, such as diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever and smallpox are quite as common in the winter as at any other time. Colds and sore throats are more prevalent. All these diseases are caused by germs—those malignant organisms which swarm and breed everywhere. In summer time the smell of putrefaction tells that something is wrong, and a disinfectant is immediately used. In winter there is no such warning, and the first intimation is the actual illness. There is, therefore, the greater need for efficient protection against disease germs—protection which is best afforded by the use of a highly efficient disinfectant.

Cancer Cure Wakes Hopes.

Professor Rampoldi of the University of Pavia, Italy, asserts that he has discovered a cure for cancer and other malignant skin diseases and growths. His remedy consists of local applications with a special ointment made from the juice of a pod bearing Indian plant resembling licorice, the native name of which is jaquerry. In bad cases, when the ointment is insufficient, subcutaneous injections are used.

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Thursdays, 8 p. m.

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Services every alternate
Sunday at 8.30 a. m.

Advent Christian Church
South Vernon
Rev. A. E. Phelps, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.30 and 7.30
Thursdays, 7.30 p. m.

Church News

The County Christian Endeavor organization held an all day meeting in South Deerfield last Tuesday.

The social committee of the North Church is planning to hold a lawn social on Monday, May 2. The plans are to gather about 3 o'clock, when there will be games for the children; basket supper at 5.30, coffee being served by the church; and indoor entertainment at 7.30.

Prof. John A. Nicholls, the well known temperance lecturer, will give a stereopticon address at the Congregational Church next Sunday evening at 7.30. Admission free.

The monthly business meeting of the Young People's Society will be held at Mrs. A. L. Newton's on Tuesday, April 26.

Rev. W. W. Coe will preach in the Unitarian Church next Sunday morning.

Moody Bible Institute
Chicago

The Rev. Francis L. Patton, D. D., LL. D., President of Princeton Theological Seminary, gave the graduating address at the close of the winter term of The Moody Bible Institute on April 17 on "The Integrity of the Bible." Twenty students graduated, most of them men. Some of these are going to foreign fields, some will engage in evangelistic work in this country, and two or three are to take further studies in theological seminaries.

The Institute keeps its doors open throughout the year, the summer term beginning May 3. A special course is planned for the latter part of this summer beginning in July, when Prof. G. Frederick Wright, Dr. C. I. Scofield, President W. G. Moorehead, Marion Lawrence, and possibly Stuart Holden of London, will be special lecturers. All the instruction is free.

The National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers Associations for the welfare of the Child will be held in Worcester, Mass. April, 22 and 23. All men and women who have the good of the children at heart are cordially invited to attend. Addresses will be delivered by Dr. G. Stanley Hull, Mrs. Frederick Schoff, Mrs. Walter L. Smith, Mrs. Robert Park and others. Delegates should send their names to Mrs. Walter L. Smith, 18 Everett St., Malden, Mass., not later than April 21.

A Definition of Eugenics.

The word eugenics is now applied to the general movement led by distinguished physicians and sociologists toward intelligent race culture. This generation has recognized that the making of worthy human beings is the greatest of all steps in the progress of civilization. Heredity and environment mold the individual. Eugenics stands for the principle of heredity and insists that children shall be well born in the sense that they shall come into the world with the birthright of health. While the campaign to prevent infant mortality represents organized effort to improve environment, eugenics is the foundation principle upon which all humanitarian reforms may build.—Delinicator.

Machine Sells Tickets.

A machine that will practically supersede the railroad ticket clerk is being experimented with at the Great Western railroad station at Birmingham. It prints and issues tickets and records the sale in the manner of an automatic nickel in the slot affair and cash register combined.

All the clerk has to do is to touch a button attached to one of the 3,000 station names indicated on the machine, feed a blank into the machine and turn a small handle. A printed ticket for the station required is then shot out, the amount paid being meantime recorded in duplicate upon a continuous strip of paper inside the machine.

Northfield Farms

Quite a reunion was held at the home of J. L. Hammond on Tuesday. Bessie Hammond was home from Springfield and Murray Hammond from Millers Falls and other relatives.

Frank Harness has sold his farm possession given Oct. 1.

C. A. Parker has purchased a new piano of Mrs. Seaholm.

Dance at Union Hall April 29. Music under the direction of Miss Frances Kavanaugh.

Mrs. Nellie Dresser is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Helen Wentworth, and daughter, Mrs. Bertha Pierce.

The ball game at the Farms on Apr. 16 between Northfield boys and the Farms was won by the Farms 8 to 7.

NO PURE RADIUM.

How the Precious Mineral is Packed. Sold to Scientists Only.

The sale of radium by the Austrian state department, which controls its production, has now been placed on a more or less permanent footing. The chief difficulty encountered has been to find a suitable way of packing the precious mineral, but the experts of the Vienna Physical Institute have at last devised a satisfactory way of handling it.

Pure radium, of course, cannot be obtained. But what is sold as radium is really a chemical compound known as radium barium chloride. Of this there are three different grades in the market. The preparation is inclosed in a so called radium cell, a round capsule one and seven-eighths inches in diameter and three-quarters of an inch long. This capsule is inclosed in a screw tube made of nicked brass, with a lead bottom, in which there is a little sunken square, which serves to hold the speck of radium.

The cell or capsule itself is sealed by a mica plate, which obviates the necessity of opening it when in actual use. All tubes are carefully numbered, and each bears an official stamp. Prospective buyers may note that it is not money alone that buys radium. It is only scientific institutes and savants of repute who are eligible as purchasers.

In every case so far the sales have been made to buyers personally or their direct representatives, sent expressly to Vienna for the purpose. It is not surprising that in the case of a product worth \$2,375,000 an ounce the strict rule is "shipment at buyers' risk."

WOOD PRESERVATION.

New Process of Treatment Invented in Australia.

Consul John F. Jewell of Melbourne submits the following report concerning a new method of treating wood which has been invented and tried with much success in Australia:

The essential part of the Powell wood process consists in boiling the wood and allowing it to cool and absorb a saccharine solution, after which it is dried, rendering the wood thoroughly seasoned within a few days after cutting, increasing its strength and stopping all warping and shrinking. The sap in the wood is driven out and replaced by an antiseptic, owing to the saccharine solution boiling at a higher temperature than water, thus making the wood impervious to dry rot and to the attacks of white ants and other parasites which prey on ordinary lumber.

During the past four years a number of pieces of lumber were tested by the government of Western Australia in localities where white ants are very numerous. In one of the tests two pieces of lumber were used, one treated and the other untreated. The treated piece remained sound, while the untreated one was destroyed.

A HINT ABOUT SAWS.

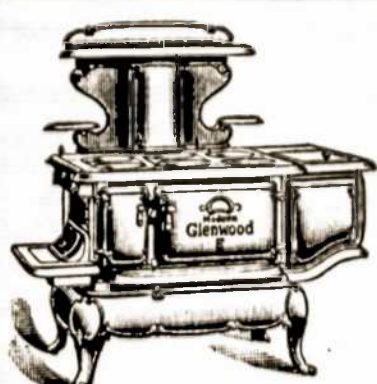
How Dished Circular Saws May Be Easily Straightened.

A number of thirty inch circular saws of No. 10 gauge stock in some way became dished or saucer shaped so much that the teeth were about two inches out of the plane of the center, writes a correspondent of Popular Mechanics. The saws were placed one at a time on a perfectly flat surface with the concave side down and a heated circular piece of cast iron weighing about four pounds set on the center.

The center drew down flat in a few minutes, and then the iron was removed. One thing noticed was that when the heated iron was left on after the saw had drawn down flat it would bow up or dish again on the opposite side and leave the concave on the upper side. This method may be applied in many cases. For instance, slender pieces which have warped in handling so as to seem entirely of no use may be quickly and accurately straightened by laying on a hot plate with a heated piece on top of them.

Red hair is greatly admired by those who haven't any.

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What is the matter?
"An automobile just ran over me."
"Hurt you much?"
"Not any."
"Then what are you sore about?"
"I don't see how I can sue the man for damages."

Domineering.
"He hasn't sense enough to invent an excuse."
"What in the world does he do?"
"Do?"
"Yes, when he has to have one."
"Oh, he never admits that he needs one."

Disinterested.
He smiles a smile serene and bland. He comes to take you by the hand. He asks about the kids and wife And how you peg along in life. And quite solicitous he is About your family and your "biz," But later in his talk you find The fellow has an ax to grind.

He may not come right out and show His hand, but you are wise and know That there is something on his mind That makes him friendly feel and kind. And you are certain by and by He'll slip it over on the sly And gently bring before your view The use he wants to make of you.

He has a notion, like as not, Behind his dark and hidden plot To run for office and to court Your earnest, large and warm support. To vote and get your friends in line That he may in the council shine. Or if it isn't quite so much He'll get around to make a touch.

But you are certain as he comes That he is after chunks or crumbs, A favor or a friendly line To boost some grand, high flung design. An invitation to a drink Where barkeeps understand his wink. A boost of some substantial kind, This fellow with an ax to grind.

Felt the Effects.
"Billkins' romance is shattered."
"I thought it was running along like oil."

"It was until he sat on her new hat."
"And she wouldn't forgive him?"
"He didn't wait to see. The hat was stuck full of hatpins, and he had to hurry outside because the room wasn't large enough for him to express himself in."

Explained.
"When is a man not a man?"
"I don't know."
"Don't you?"
"No. When?"
"When he turns into a lane. When is a failure not a failure?"
"Oh, that is easy."
"Is it?"
"Yes; when it has salted away about 50,000 bones."

Sometimes it is really hard luck, but generally it is just a grouch.

Among other things that are hard to beat is the parlor carpet.

One reason why some men don't like to go to church is because they must sit and listen to the man who tied the bonds that chafe.

A bad dream is a pipe that doesn't materialize.

HEADQUARTERS for PIANOS

1 Kimball Piano, \$100. 1 Mason and Hamlin, \$150. 1 Ivers and Pond, new, \$290. Pianos for rent. I pay cash for Pianos and sell accordingly.

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L. O. CLAPP

Rockwall's "Rock Wall."
The Texas town of Rockwall, about twenty-five miles east of Dallas, derives its name from what appear to be the remains of immense walls of ruined masonry surrounding the town, but extending in many directions. Sidney Paige has recently studied these walls, and his conclusion is that they are natural formations, consisting of sandstone dikes, which under the influence of the weather and earth movements have been cracked and jointed in such a way as to afford in many cases a striking resemblance to artificial walls. The weathered sands, stained with iron oxide, between the joints have been mistaken for remains of mortar. The dikes rise out of a rich black waxy soil composed of original lime muds. They vary in thickness from an inch to two feet and have been traced to a depth of fifty feet or more.

Tungsten Lamps For Farms.
The introduction of tungsten lamps is doing much to advance the use of electricity on farms. It is possible for the farmer with a small plant, driven either by a gasoline engine or by damming a small stream, to obtain sufficient current to light his house and barn with this economical type of incandescent lamp. The use of electricity on the farm, by the way, is growing, and, as pointed out by the Electrical World, farmers will in time come to consider electricity a necessity. Then it will be found profitable to establish central generating stations for farming districts to take the place of the small individual plants now being installed.

Alcohol From Wood.
The alcohol produced from sawdust and wood must not be confused with wood alcohol, for, although standard alcohol is primarily made from wood, it is produced directly by the fermentation of a pure sugar solution, into which the wood is first converted, and it is the same, both chemically and physically, as the alcohol made from grain.—Scientific American.

Doctor Contracts Smallpox
North Brookfield, Mass., Feb. 9.—There is consternation among the patients in this town of Dr. E. A. Ludden, chairman of the board of health, who has contracted smallpox from a patient whom he attended.

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YOU CAN IMPROVE

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SHE COULD KEEP A SECRET

By ELBERT T. BENTLEY

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"I've got the confoundedest wife you ever saw."

"What do you mean by the word confoundedest? It conveys no meaning to me."

"That's the reason I apply it to my wife. She is beyond the pale of definition."

"Do you use the word opprobrious-ly?"

"By no means. She's a jim dandy."

"Oh, you've got something on your mind—something she has been doing! Get it off and have done with it."

"Right you are, and when I've told you you'll agree with me that confoundedest is the best word by which to describe her. You know we live in the country and I'm a commuter. My monthly commutation ticket costs me \$24.50. I have always been used to carrying my ticket in my hat. It's very convenient, you know. I place it between the lining and the crown. If I put it in my portemonnaie, which I carry in my hip pocket when I'm hurrying to my train loaded down with the bundles which all commuters are condemned to carry, I have a hard time getting it out from under my coat. If it is in my hat I can get at it very easily. There's a ferry at the city end of the route where the ticket must be punched. Formerly commuters were only required to show their tickets, and we used to just lift our hats to the gateman, and he could see the ticket. It was comical to see a long line of passengers taking off their hats politely to the gateman. But the practice must have concealed some skulduggery, for the officers of the line stopped it, and now we all must have our tickets punched."

"Anyway, I always carry my ticket in my hat. Well, one morning when I went to the city I felt for my commutation ticket, and it was gone. It was one I'd just bought, and its loss involved nearly \$24. Thinking I might have put it in one of my pockets, I ransacked them all. It wasn't in any of them. I searched the floor, but there was nothing there. At last I gave it up and paid my fare."

"My wife is a very economical woman and considers me the perfection of carelessness. I knew if I told her of my loss she would scold me for both wastefulness and carelessness. I made up my mind to get on the best I could for awhile, paying my fare out of the loose change I carried till the end of the month, when I would buy a new ticket. It was no use. A few mornings after my loss as I was going out my wife gave me the customary kiss, at the same time handing me my hat. She looked inside and, not seeing the ticket, felt for it."

"Why, dear," she exclaimed, "I thought you always carried your commutation ticket in your hat."

"I was obliged to confess I had lost it. My wife said: 'I told you so. If you had kept it in your pocketbook, as I always advised you to do, you wouldn't have lost it. There's \$24 gone, enough to buy me a spring hat with three big ostrich feathers.'"

"I hurried away, ostensibly to catch the train, but really to escape a scolding, and since it would be cheaper to commute even with the loss of four days than to pay single fares I bought a new ticket. I kept it in my pocketbook in my hip pocket with a lot of memoranda, cards, etc., my cash for daily expenses being in my vest pocket. I had no trouble for a month, when I bought another ticket. On the 4th of the month when I was getting ready to go to the city I clapped my hand to my hip to make sure my ticket was there, and, behold, portemonnaie, ticket and all were gone. Somebody must have picked my pocket."

"I thought my wife would cry. 'Fifty dollars gone in two months,' she moaned. 'We're going right down into the poorhouse. Why will you be so careless?'"

"If I'd kept it in my hat," I snapped, "it would not have been lost. I put it where you told me to put it, and there you are."

"Go and buy another one," she said. "We can't afford to have you spending forty or fifty dollars a month to save \$24."

"Well, to make a long story short, in six months I lost five commutation tickets. What had brought about such bad luck I couldn't tell. I'd commuted for seven years and never before lost a ticket. Thinking some one might be robbing me—some of the servants—I told my wife when I lost the last ticket that I was going to put a detective in the house."

"My dear," she replied, "if I say something to you will you scold me?"

"Certainly not, pet; fire away."

"Well, I've been robbing you of your commutation tickets."

"I nearly fell in a faint."

"You know Tom Edwards, financial man for B. & Co. Well, Tom gave me a tip on some stock that was going to be 'cornered.' 'Shorts squeezed,' and all that. He said if I'd give him \$100

he'd put me in with the pool. But I must keep the secret. I hadn't the money, but I raised it, a bit here and a bit there, using your tickets, which I got redeemed at the railroad office. The pool sold out yesterday, and Tom has sent me a check for \$1,000."

"What do you think of that, eh? Isn't that confoundedest?"

"Rats! The pith of your story is that your wife kept the secret."

"From me."

A Mill Worth Seeing.

Joe Grim, the Italian pugilist of Altoona, was known as the human punching bag on account of the awful amount of punishment he would take. Fitzsimmons in one bout knocked Joe down fifteen times in six rounds, yet couldn't put him out. While Grim never won a fight, he was always willing to meet almost anybody who came along and was absolutely fearless. He paid no attention to class and regarded it as a sort of duty to meet every new fighter whose name showed on the pugilistic horizon. Some time ago his friends were arranging a fight for Joe in Altoona, and there was some bickering over the percentages. Joe wanted the fight held in Philadelphia or Pittsburg, as he thought it would draw a bigger crowd in either city. To this his friends objected, insisting that Altoona was a good show town.

"Why, Maxine Elliott played to a \$400 house here the other night," said one of the fight promoters.

Quick as a flash Joe snapped back: "I'll fight that Max Elliott too!"—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Life.

We are born; we laugh; we weep; We love; we droop; we die. Ah, wherefore do we laugh or weep? Why do we live or die?

Who knows that secret deep? Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring Unseen by human eye? Why do the radiant seasons bring Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?

Why do our fond hearts cling To things that die?

We toll through pain and wrong; We fight and fly; We love; we lose, and then ere long Stone dead we lie.

O life, is all thy song "Endure and die?"

—Bryan Waller Procter.

His Point of Order.

A prominent clergyman was asked by a colored minister to preach in the colored people's church, and he gladly consented. Reaching the church, where he was the only paleface present, the preacher delivered a sermon full of helping advice, made an eloquent prayer and then announced that the service would be closed by singing the hymn "Wash Me and I Will Be Whiter Than Snow." At this point one of the darksome congregation rose to his feet.

"Look heah, pahson," said he impressively, "yo' will hab to scuse me, but I rise to a point of ordah."

"What is it?" asked the preacher, with large symptoms of surprise floating over his features.

"It am dis way," replied the parishioner. "Yo' hab ebidently made a mistake in de crowd. Dis am a culled congregashun, an', sence all de pump watah an' sof soap in de county can't make de words ob dat hymn come true, I jes' wish dat yo' would change her to some udder tune."

Stranger Still.

A Buffalo man took a relative recently arrived from Scotland to see Niagara falls. The two gazed at the falls in silence a long time. Then the Buffalo man heaved a sigh and said:

"Ah, Cousin Donald, did you ever see anything so beautiful and strange?"

The Scotchman after a moment's thought answered calmly:

"Weel, for bonnie yon's a' richt, but for strange, no, fur I once saw in the town o' Peebles a peacock wi' a wooden leg."

Poor Mule.

This is the story of a Kansas mule. The corn was about ready to lay by, and his master was in the midst of the final plowing when the mule decided that he was through with work. No amount or form of moral or other suasion could induce him to "pull the hat off your head." Exasperated beyond endurance, the master at last succeeded in leading him to a nearby corncrib, where he fastened him with a log chain with the expressed intent of leaving him there until he came to his senses.

The day was as hot as—Kansas. The flies were Kansas flies and thick as they grow in Kansas. The crib was full of popcorn. By and by the mule began to register his protest against the outrage, for such he conceived it to be, by a lively tattoo against the side of the crib. "An' he kicked an' he kicked an' he kicked" until his shoes became red hot and set fire to the corncrib. The fire popped the corn, which fell about in such profusion that the mule, believing it was snowing, lay down and froze to death.—Louisville Times.

The Duty of Children.

A child should always say what's true And speak when he is spoken to And behave mannerly at table— At least as far as he is able.

—From "A Child's Garden of Verses."

New Book by Paul D. Moody.

The publication of "The First Easter Sermon," an address by Paul Dwight Moody, will be welcomed not only by those who have heard the address delivered and urged Mr. Moody to have it put in print, but also by all who are interested in this timely topic.

Mr. Moody finds his theme in the words of Mary Magdalene: "I have seen the Lord," that first Easter morning. After tracing the story he draws several lessons, and makes applications for believers today. A striking poem by Richard LeGallienne is quoted with the author's consent.

The book is published by Northfield Press, and has a dainty white leather cover with emblematic lily design in gold stamping. The large clean print and wide margins make it attractive and readable. The price is 30 cents.

ANIMALS AND AIRSHIPS.

Birds and Beast Flee in Terror From Aerial Vessels.

European sportsmen are beginning to fear that game will be made scarce by the multiplication of aeroplanes, balloons and other aerial vessels, says the Scientific American. It is well known that where many kites are habitually flown they have the effect of driving the game to other districts. The effect of a kite, however, is very small in comparison with that of an aeroplane or a dirigible balloon.

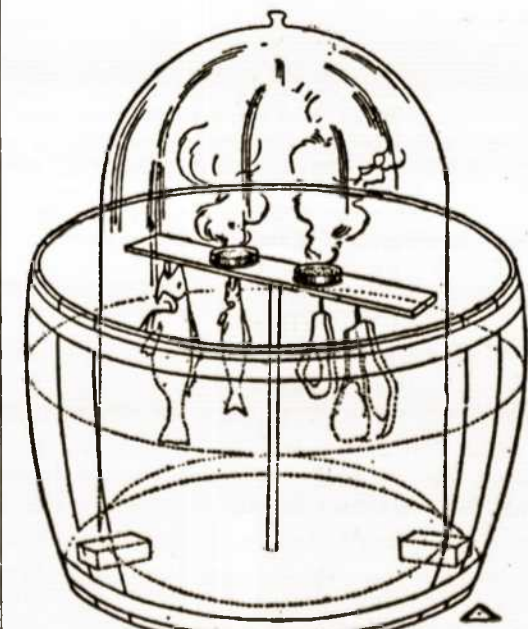
A German landowner strolling over his estate saw two black storks which had been standing with a number of ducks on the bank of a pond suddenly take to flight without apparent reason. The next instant the ducks, quacking loudly, took wing and were soon out of sight. Looking around for the cause of the birds' affright, the proprietor saw a dirigible balloon, which the birds had probably perceived before it became visible to him. He learned afterward that deer browsing in the fields had been frightened by the sight of the airship or by the noise made by its propellers and had fled to the forest.

All animals are terrified by airships. Partridges, quail and other game birds crouch and hide, while domestic fowls utter loud warning notes the instant they perceive the monstrous bird of prey. The Swedish aeronaut Von Hoffken while sailing at a moderate elevation observed that elks, foxes, hares and other wild animals fled at his approach and that the dogs ran howling into the houses. While the Zeppelin III. was going from Dusseldorf to Essen the aeronauts on board noted that horses and cattle galloped frantically over the fields on catching sight of the airship.

KEEPS FOOD FRESH.

Novel Method of Preserving Meat and Fish Without Ice.

This illustration shows an ingenious French method of preserving fish and meats for periods as long as eight or ten days without ice, yet the food is kept absolutely fresh, says Popular Mechanics. The requirements for making the preserver are simple, consisting of a wooden tub or half cask, a straight stick or broom handle, a crosspiece of wood for it, a glass bell, brimstone, sulphur and water. The tub is filled two-thirds full of water, and the articles to be preserved



PRESERVING FOOD WITHOUT ICE.

are hooked to the crosspiece of the broom handle. On top of the water near the center stick are placed two ordinary pill boxes, each containing a little powdered sulphur. This is lighted, and over all is placed the glass bell, the lower edge of which rests under water on bricks or other objects placed on the bottom of the tub. The sulphuric acid given off absorbs the oxygen in the air under the bell glass and then dissolves itself in the water. It is claimed that when the meat or fish is removed several days later as fresh as when placed in the preserver there is no smell of sulphur or brimstone whatever.

Needed To.

"She is learning to sing."

"Is she?"

"Yes."

"Has she had an estimate?"

"An estimate on what?"

"On her chances of life. I dare say she expects to live to a ripe old age."

Wall Paper

¶ The influence of environment is most fully exemplified in the home.

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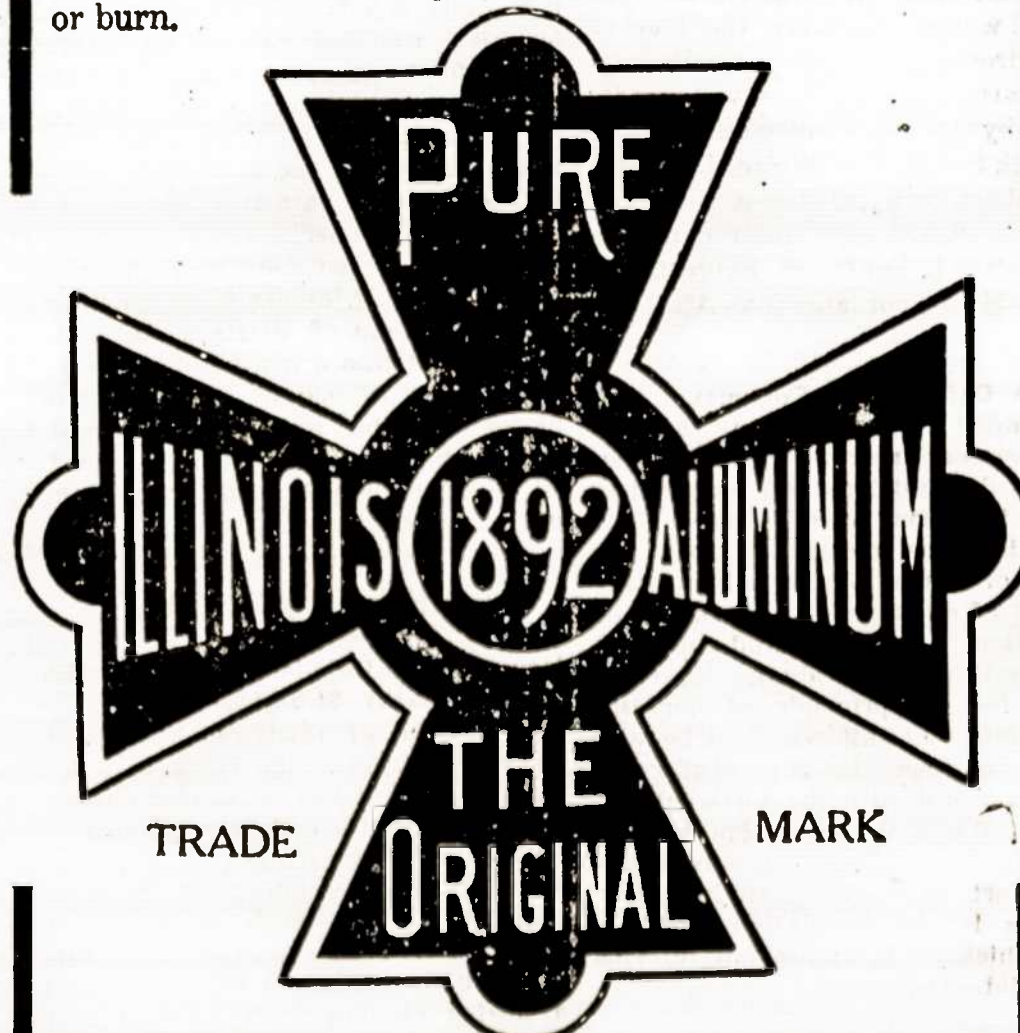
and take no other.

HOUSEWIVES

Do you want to know about a wonderful new time, health and money-saving kitchen convenience?

Then you should see the complete line of "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Cooking Utensils now on exhibition at your dealers.

This ware is guaranteed by the makers for 25 years. It is absolutely pure, wholesome and thoroughly hygienic, will not crack, scale, peel, break, rust, tarnish, scorch or burn.



It is light weight, easy to handle and easy to clean; makes kitchen work a delight instead of drudgery; saves your money, time, fuel; protects your health against metal poisoning and serious troubles resulting from chipping of small particles into the food, which is one of the dangers from the use of the old style enameled wares.

You buy patent carpet sweepers, egg-beaters, dish-washers, clothes-wringers and many other time and labor saving conveniences, but there is nothing that will prove a greater practical household blessing than the "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Ware.

Lose no time in seeing for yourself what it will do. Your money back if this ware fails to do what is claimed for it.

GEO. N. KIDDER & CO.

ATTRACTIVE STYLES.

The Kimono Blouse is a Winner This Season—Frock Suggestion.

The kimono blouse is a great favorite. It is of chiffon, voile de nylon or pongee. Materials, plain and embroidered, are trimmed with just a touch of Irish lace beading or Breton embroidery stitch. This is done on a frame in a darning stitch. The design is formed by squares of color. For a dainty homemade frock there can be found no more attractive ma-



NEW SHIRT WAIST DRESS.

terial than barred and printed batiste. Particularly suitable is this stuff for the young girl's party dress.

No dress is more useful than the one made in shirt waist style. Here is a model that is jaunty as well as practical. It combines one of the new waists showing tucks near the armhole edges with a seven gored skirt that is laid in a tuck at each seam.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

These May Manton patterns are cut in sizes for the waist from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Send 10 cents each for these patterns to this office, giving numbers—waist 6601 and skirt 6606—and they will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

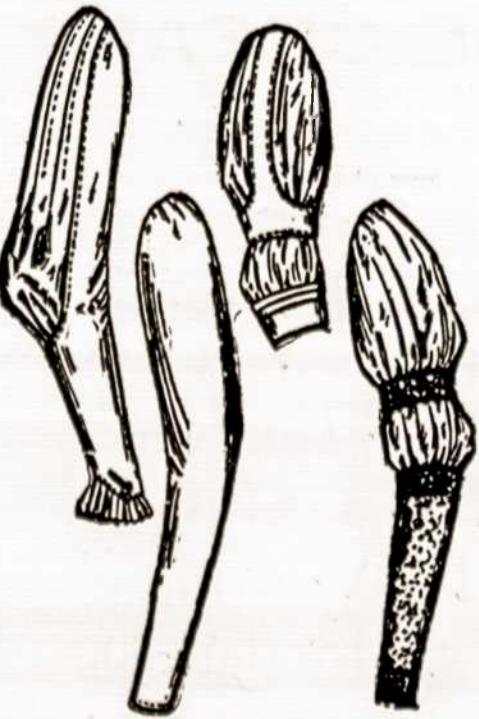
Tulle a Smart Trimming For the New Hats—Narrow Fringe Fashionable.

Quantities of net or tulle are being worked into Easter bonnets. As a rule, the crowns of these hats are smothered in puffings of the airy fabrics and often the brims concealed under braids of the tulle, which are sewed on. Again, the crown may be of flowers and the brim a cloud of fine net. Two and sometimes three different colors of tulle are used in decorating one hat. Blue and green combined with pink mauve are seen, while violet, pale blue and deep pink are a second combination.

Fringe—narrow silk fringe—is used to edge some of the new straw hats and very softening it is to the face. The bows of ribbon, which are the sole trimming, are also edged with the same narrow fringe.

The cart wheel rosette is a late fad. It is worn at the throat holding the collar together.

The Easter season will see many suits with military cut as to the coat.



SLEEVES OF THE SEASON.

and the smart Russian model will, too, be in evidence.

Every woman knows that sleeves make or mar a gown this season. Here are four styles that are all smart. The elbow sleeves are very good. The long puffed model can be made to form two puffs or be left in one or can be cut off below the lower band

and the cuff omitted. The plain sleeve is just a simple two piece affair.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern comes in three sizes—small 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38 and large 40 or 42. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6606, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

An Attractive Costume—The Popularity of Veiled Effects.

Almost everything is veiled nowadays, and the black satin gown, with its corsage of dull gold or oxidized silver lace veiled with black chiffon, is an effective illustration of this vogue.

The draped princess is the preferred model for the dressy frock, and the two tiered skirt in street suits and in thin summer materials is one of the favorites.

A pretty little pongee trotting suit seen recently has a two tiered skirt with box plaited flounces. The coat is of the Russian type, elaborately braided in soutache of the natural colored pongee.

Every really normal boy loves a game of baseball and desires a correct suit in which to play the game. The suit illustrated is practical and simple. The trousers are comfortably full



BOY'S BASEBALL SUIT.

and can be padded or left plain. There is very little work attached to the making of such a costume, and it is always possible to give individual touches that are dear to the boy who wears the suit.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern comes for boys of from eight to fourteen years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6609, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

A Witty Reply

Whenever the United States supreme court on hearing the argument of counsel for plaintiff in error is entirely satisfied that he has no case the chief justice is apt to say to counsel for defendant in error that the court does not care to hear further argument. At one time Hon. Matthew Carpenter, from Wisconsin, was counsel for plaintiff in error and opened the case. Before he was through the court was satisfied that there was nothing in it, and so when he had concluded and counsel for defendant in error arose Chief Justice Waite said, "The court does not care to hear any further argument."

Counsel for the other side was a little deaf and, although noticing that the chief justice spoke, did not hear what he had said and, turning to Mr. Carpenter, who sat beside him, asked what had been said.

"Oh, hang it!" replied Carpenter in tones audible to the bench. "The chief justice said he would rather give you the case than hear you talk."

Wanted a Diagram.

A waiter at a western hotel said to one of the guests at the dinner table: "What kind of pie do you wish? We have peach, apple, pumpkin and lemon."

The guest replied, "Give me peach, apple and pumpkin," to which the waiter, with a shrug of his shoulders, a curl of his lips and an appropriate gesture, said, with sarcasm, "What's the matter with the lemon?"

An Englishman sitting at an adjoining table, who overheard the conversation, now said to his neighbor, "I beg your pardon, but what was the matter with the lemon?"

His Element.

Dear, you would make a flying man. A fine one, I declare. It would be easy, for you know how much you're in the air.

Northfield Press, Proctor Block

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Northfield Illustrated Calendar for 1910, on sheets 14x11 inches, a separate leaf for each month. 40 cents (postage 10 cents extra).

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Also an assortment of sheet, drop and pad calendars, from a few cents up.

Standard diaries for 1910.

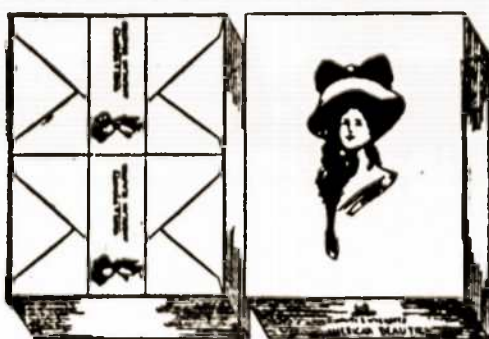
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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Juvenile books in paper and cloth, colored illustrations, etc.

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Prices from \$18 up.

The new "Elite" Grafonola, \$100.

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Non-destructible cylinders, 25 cts.

New records every month.

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As good value as offered in the cities in the best recent fiction, at prices from 50 cents up.

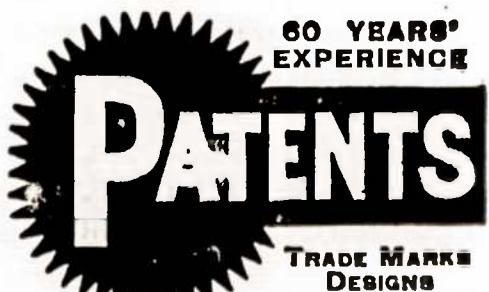
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Northfield Press, Proctor Block



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SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER Send no 25c. stamps or cash and we will send you a copy of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN.

also one of our heavy bound Ornolu Gold Watch (regular price, \$10.) as shown with rusted leather strap gold-plated buckle.

Can you beat this? Watch Feb. regular price . 80c. ALL NATIONAL Sportsman . . . 15c. YOURS 25c. Send to-day, 80c. FOR NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc. 100 Federal St. Boston

Agents wanted to secure subscriptions for the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN. Send when you answer this advertisement.

What should you do in case of trouble with a husband?

"Trouble with a husband?"

"Yes."

"Turn him over to his wife."

Necessary Accompaniment.

"Does any one live in Reno except those who want divorces?"

"Sure! The people who supply them."



COLUMBIA

DISC RECORDS ARE

Double - Discs



2 records at a 65c

Don't spend another cent for talking-machine records till you have seen and heard Columbia Double-Disc Records. They fit any machine, and outwear any other records in the world. Double value for your money! Call in! Get a catalog!

NORTHFIELD PRESS
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Are Women Justified In Claiming Suffrage?

By Mrs. PHILIP VAN VALKENBERG, Formerly Mrs. W. H. CHAPMAN.

NO woman ever was a suffragist unless she had a GROUCH ON SOME MAN. No woman can be a WOMAN AND A MAN TOO. She'll have quite enough to do being a woman. The suffragists woefully neglect their duties in that line.

It is a WOMAN'S DUTY TO MAKE HERSELF AS CHARMING AND ATTRACTIVE AS POSSIBLE. She may not always



have all the money she wants to accomplish this, but it is frequently her own fault if she does not have the time. The hours many suffrage workers spend in attending meetings which never accomplish anything and in making speeches and petitions which the men to whom they are addressed take as a HUGE JOKE might much better be employed in learning a becoming style of hairdressing or massaging away wrinkles. Now, that is not saying that a woman should neglect her children to spend time making herself beautiful, but there's no abstract "cause" on earth which should be as important to her as her INDIVIDUAL CHARM.

WHAT IS THE GREAT THING IN EVERY WOMAN'S LIFE? LOVE—THE LOVE SHE FEELS AND THE LOVE SHE INSPIRES. AND HOW CAN SHE HAVE TIME EVEN TO BE IN LOVE HERSELF WHEN SHE IS DEVOTING HER LIFE TO A FIGHT FOR A VOTE? WHERE ARE THE YOUNG GIRL SUFFRAGE WORKERS? WHERE ARE THE PRETTY ONES, WHO NATURALLY LOOK FORWARD TO A HOME AND A HUSBAND OF THEIR OWN?

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By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, Poet and Literary Critic.

WOMAN who wants the vote does not lose her womanly qualities; she really FINDS HER BRAIN.

IT IS THE LIMIT OF ABSURDITY THAT WOMEN SHOULD NOT VOTE. I BELIEVE IT'S A GREATER LOSS TO THE MEN THAN TO THE WOMEN.

There are so many special problems relating to social life and the welfare of children that women are infinitely better fitted to deal with than men.

The very idea of women not voting seems so ridiculous to me that I cannot conceive of men harboring it much longer. Male and female should have EQUAL CHANCES AND EQUAL PRIVILEGES.

By MARY MANNERING, Actress.
THIS should be a man's and woman's world equally, and of course this includes suffrage.

Silly goats men are not to FIGHT SHOULDERS TO SHOULDERS WITH THEIR WOMEN MATES! Men are dears, of course, but they surely do get ugly when they have to look out for their spurs.

It is the parents' duty to give an occupation to the daughter as well as to the son.

IT IS WOMAN'S TRAINING THAT HAS PUT HER WHERE SHE IS AND FROM WHERE IT IS SO HARD FOR HER TO RISE. SHE SHOULD BE AND WILL BE EVENTUALLY A COMPANION TO MAN IN EVERY WAY.



J. T. CUMMINGS
Licensed Auctioneer
Warwick Avenue

WANTED

Wanted—A second girl for the Elliot Hospital, Keene, N. H. Wages, \$5.00 per week. Address, Miss Ella McCobb, Keene, N. H.

WANTED—Bids for building Glenwood Ave. Extension and grading to land of J. R. Hamilton. Address Selectmen.

WANTED—Good Timber land. Elliott W. Brown, Northfield.

FOR SALE—Exclusive Bakery business in Northfield and vicinity. With the plant will be included the horses, wagons, etc. Also a small stock of Groceries. Prosperous business. Reasonable price. E. W. Brown, Northfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—A good Surrey. Press Office.

FOR SALE—A few bushels of Choice early Potatoes and some extra Choice Seed Corn. L. W. Turner.

FOR RENT—One six-room cottage on Elm Avenue. Inquire of John E. Nye.

Wanted—Bids for furnishing 40000 ft. of chestnut plank.

Address, Selectmen

FOR SALE—Place owned by Mrs. Tonski on Plain Street. Inquire of E. Tonski, East Northfield.

FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

YOU say you would do this and that in certain times and places. Defying here and driving there And making good your cases. That's what you think; but, let us see, Would to your will be bended Distasteful things if on their whim Your daily bread depended?

We talk as big, for that's our way, As elephants or horses And fancy we can mold our lives And alter settled forces, But we are listed for a jar That comes, full treatment giving, For suddenly we realize We have to make a living.

We see a man in politics Whose course is truly shocking. We can't approve of what he does. Not doing any knocking. But when we strike a little job That pays us ten or twenty We take our places in the ranks, And what we do is plenty.

Ideals look all right in print, But when we get in action And try to drag a living down They lose their grand attraction. Too bad the world is built that way. Some day it may be better, But now if we can dodge the law We have to slight the letter.

The Near Hobo.



"I hate to work."
"You do."
"You bet I do."
"Why don't you get your wife to support you, then?"
"Get her to? I am working her all I can, but it don't pan out."
"Don't, eh?"
"No. It has got so now that she won't let me in nights unless I bring a full day's wages, and I tell you it's no fun sleeping in the open."

Horticultural.
"When do apples blossom?" asked the sweet young thing of her big country cousin.
"Apples blossom?" he inquired.
"Yes; I read so much about apple blossom in poetry."
"Oh, they never blossom in the country."
"Don't they?"
"No, but sometimes the trees do."

Superior.
A little smile's a tiny thing. Observe it to the letter. Good luck to you for sure 'twill bring. Although a big one's better.

Bad, Indeed.
"Have you got the grip?"
"I should say I have, or, rather, it has got me."
"Dreadful, isn't it? Got you bad?"
"Bad? I should say so! Clamped on and the nails clinched on the underside!"

Its Utility.
"Do you believe in long engagements, Bob?"
"You bet I do, Jack."
"Why?"
"Often the girls get tired waiting and give a fellow the sack."

Not Apparent.
"Is he an honest man?"
"Honest?"
"Yes."
"Well, I can't say that I ever noticed it much."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The darkest hour comes immediately after the light goes out.

The person who has every reason to, but doesn't, isn't much of a philosopher.

Some persons are so awkward that they can't speak without breaking silence if any happens to be about.

The big noise sometimes gets to the front and sometimes gets the lid put on it.

Lots of us know how to get rich quick, and a few of us know it isn't safe.

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Open all the year. A homelike hotel that offers every comfort. Electric lights, steam heat, open fires, private baths, broad verandas. Excellent table. Good Livery and Garage. Illustrated Booklet Free.

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Garden of Roses
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Commonwealth of Massachusetts

FRANKLIN, SS.—CASE 16099.—PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of HELEN M. SMITH, late of Northfield, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to N. Fay Smith of said Northfield, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Greenfield, in said County of Franklin, on the first Tuesday of May A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Northfield Press, a newspaper published in said Northfield, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

FRANCIS N. THOMPSON, Register.

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WINCHESTER ICE CREAM

ORDERS TAKEN FOR ALL FLAVORS

AT
WOODS PHARMACY
EAST NORTHFIELD

Mrs. Bascom
will send Millinery to Mrs. Whitmore's every Monday, beginning April 4.

On exhibition from 11.30 to 6.30

Subscribe for the PRESS

"An Advertisement is like a woman, it may be pretty or plain, but it isn't a success unless it attracts."

We wish to attract your attention to our new line of Suits, Hats, Caps, Belts, etc. The "Queen Quality" and "Boston Favorite" Oxfords for women and the "Douglas" and "American Gentleman" for men.

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WEBSTER BLOCK



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That Can Be Helped by Glasses
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GUARANTEE TO IMPROVE YOUR VISION

providing there is any vision left. If you are troubled with headaches or your vision blurs, if you are nervous or forgetful you should be sure to call at our office and have your eyes thoroughly and carefully examined FREE.

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NOTIFY
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and have team call.
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